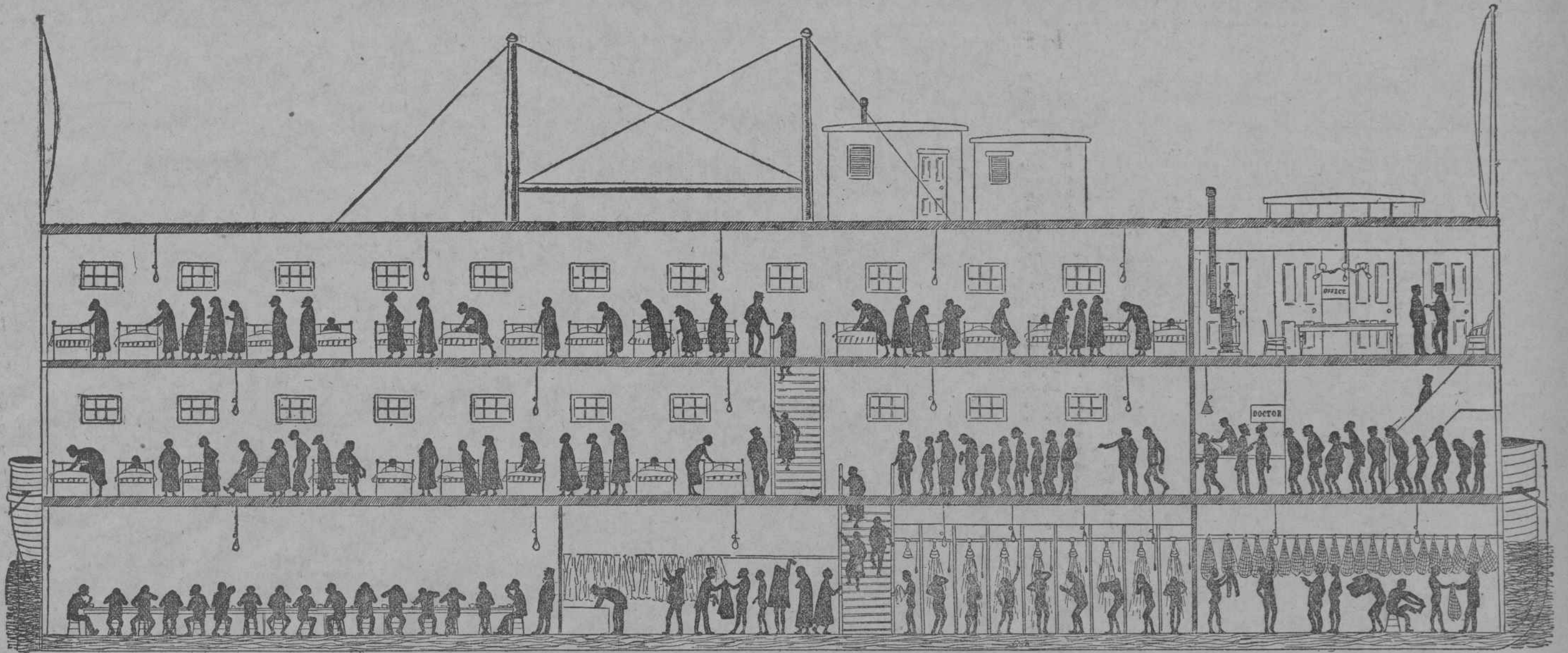


A DEER AT THE NEW TRAMPS' HOUSE-BOAT.



A NIGHT ON WEARY WALKER'S YACHT.

Just What the Noble Knights of the Road Have to Do to Get A Night's Lodging.

Misery loves company, and a comrade in misfortune was the first thing sought by the Journal reporter who was sent out night before last with instructions to make himself miserable by sleeping on the "Hoboes' Yacht," as the tramps call the floating lodging house just established for them by the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections.

When I had put it out of my mind that I was that reporter and had become a homeless tramp for the occasion, I found three or four gentlemen of the road standing under the lee of the Court House, listlessly watching the crowd of busy people who were hurrying across City Hall Park. I pulled a paper of smoking tobacco out of my pocket and ostentatiously filled my pipe as I approached one of them and asked him if he had a match. From the bulging pockets of what had once been a fine white driving coat he produced, not only the desired match, but an empty pipe as well. When I had offered him a smoke and he had rammed the ball of his pipe so full that it would hardly draw, the ice was broken.

I was conventional enough to think that the first thing to be done was to discover some name by which he could address me and another by which I could address him; but this is evidently not a part of the etiquette of hobo life, and, although I afterward learned that he was described by his friends as "Billy, the Thirst," he called me chum and encouraged me to call him chum. This, I found, was a common form of address, and it is only in a man's absence that any more specific description of him is required. It is not "Buddy" or "Buddy" in tramp and "him there" with a jerk of the thumb toward the person mentioned, is enough to show which member of a social circle is being talked about.

"I wouldn't say I'm going up to the boat to-night, and I wouldn't say I ain't going up to the boat," said "Billy the Thirst," when I told him I thought of applying there for a night's lodging. "The boat has good things about it and bad things about it; it's warm when you go to bed and cold when you get up; the electric lamps shine in your eyes when you try to sleep; there's tea and bread at night, and there's coffee and bread in the morning. You're better off where you pay a dime a day, because there's no ordering about, and bowing and scraping, and washing and scrubbing yourself like as if you was a looking glass in a saloon. But dimes don't lay around as thick as they might."

After some discussion it was agreed that we should "mosey along uptown," and, when we got as far as Bellevue Hospital he decided that he would, at any rate, go into the hallway and get a lodging ticket for the boat while I got mine. It is probable that his air of doing me a favor by going to the boat with me had some connection with the fact that he kept filling his pipe with my tobacco.

"Any farmer could see you don't know your way round," he said with good-natured scorn. "You ducks out of a job haven't got the training a man wants when he has to rustle. If you lean up against the wall you don't as if you were holding up the wall instead of the wall holding you up. There's a way of walking when you have to keep walking day in and day out, and when you get the right gait on you it don't tire you any more than standing still, not if you do ten times a day."

When we reached the pier at the foot

of Twenty-sixth street, I found that there was a good deal more to do than simply to walk on board the barge, and, as "Billy the Thirst" encountered a friend at this stage of my adventure, I was left on my own resources for the moment. An official asked me if I had a "snaw ticket," and when I told him I had not, he sent me to a room on the left side of the deck. It was here that I first found the dreadful stink, and, at once, a cold and sickening. There were small windows, tightly closed and high out of reach, and a venomous little stove seemed to burn all the air out of the room and leave nothing to breathe but their foulness. Although it was not dark yet, the room was nearly filled with lodgers. This room, intended for an ante-room or reception room for those who were going to sleep on the boat, is also used as an overflow lodging house and is occupied, not only by those who come too late to get places on the boat, but also by some who like it better, because they are not obliged to take a bath. A few of these and colored men, the rest were of all nationalities, are reduced when they have been tramp for the night to the land of the free for a few years.

My friend, "Billy the Thirst," began to tell me about the boat, and about the time, when his pipe wanted filling, and made the acquaintance of his friend, who was a tramp of this Niagara duck. I was not told why his identity was associated with the name of the great cat, and I had already learned that it was bad manners to ask questions. But I was delighted to see in him many of the distinctive marks of "Weary Walkers." Dusty Rhodes and other hobo personages, did not have a tomato can tied to his coat with a shoe lace, but he pulled out of his pocket a sardine box filled with cigar stubs.

It was now 8 o'clock, and we all lined up in the hallway outside of the room, and each man received a round tin cup, about an inch and a half deep and six inches in diameter. Mine and the bottom of it, I found, was the same. The inspection of some other man and a quantity of bread crumbs as well. I held it out to be filled, and the dispensing officer ladled a dipper full of food from a large bucket and poured it into my cup. There was no handle to hold it by, and, I jumped with pain as the heat struck through the tin. With each cup of tea there was given out a bunch of bread, and as mine happened to be a little bit larger than that given to my friend, he asked me to exchange on the ground that his was the more crusty of the two and that he had perfect teeth.

"My grinder," said what they used to be called, "is a little nicked, but the outside of this city bread so it'll stand rough handling."

WEARY WAGGLES AND THE WATER.
As soon as we had eaten our scanty meal, a move was made for the boat. We went on board the first lot. As we crossed the gangplank we had to pass the inspection of a medical officer, but his examination was not a very close one. The word had been passed along the line that each man was to hold out his tongue, as he arrived and the dialogue between examiner and tramp was precisely the same in each case. "Put back your tongue. Got a stomach ache?"
"Got a headache?"
"No."
"Fold out your hand." And then, as the doctor felt the lodger's pulse, he asked his last question, "Got any skin disease?"
"No."
And this was the end of the ordeal.

The fifteen of us then marched into the bathroom, where there were eight shower baths, and were ordered to strip. In was afraid that my linen which was not altogether in keeping with the tattered coat and trousers I had provided for the occasion, might attract attention. But the other men, as they dropped their heterogeneous apparel in little shapeless heaps on the floor, were too busy with their own affairs to pay any heed to me. The amount of clothing that some of them shed was simply prodigious. Almost all the things they wore under their coats had evidently been stolen from clothes lines in the country, and babies' shirts of knitted wool seemed to enjoy high favor.

The "Niagara duck" had a mantle cover of cheap Oriental stuff wound around his body, and the solitary Frenchman disclosed the remains of a lady's seal skin jacket, rubbed quite bald in spots, but still no despicable protection against the cold. I remembered that I had often wondered how tramps managed to keep so fat, and I saw now that the wearing of three or four pairs of trousers and a half dozen vests, one over the other, had a good deal to do with it. When we were all stripped and one by one received a brass check for his clothing, each separate lot of which was enclosed in a bag of net work and carried away to be steamed and then packed for the morning's use. This steaming process, no doubt, serves to destroy any germs of disease which may be lurking in the rags; but, like most of the other arrangements made for the comfort of the city, the operation does not seem to have a very beneficial result. The man who is only on the streets for a night or two and is trying to find a job. For it so shrinks and deforms his clothes that, even if he was decently dressed when he went on board the boat, he is no longer an object when he leaves it in the morning that he looks as if he were wearing rags. The man who is on the streets for a long time, followed by the sudden application of dry heat, will actually shrink a pair of trousers to six inches less than their previous length.

BOILING 'EM OUT.
At the last moment to which I had looked forward with so much interest had arrived. The rapid march from each room in a slow, continuous stream, and all the superintendent insists upon is that each man shall be thoroughly wet; but there is not more than a dribble of water, and wash if he wants it. I had been long enough in foul air and disgusting society to enjoy none. The reluctance of the bathhouse attendants to use the electric lights, as I discovered, was not for the benefit of the bathers, but for the benefit of the electric lights, as I discovered, was not for the benefit of the bathers, but for the benefit of the electric lights.

"No, I had it in Cleveland, where they were in ten days for a window," replied the other tramp.
When the first eight of us had dried we were each given a night shirt and a pair of slippers, and my bed was then made for me. There were three floors, or decks, on the boat, and my bed was on the uppermost, there were 102 in all. On the floor beneath there were eighty-two and on the ground or water floor the bath room and other apartments occupied all the space. The beds were made of wire and covered with four layers of blanket, and, over this, a pair of sheets and another blanket for covering. The heat from the steam pipes is very great, and the plank sides of the boat are, by no means, airtight. And I found the glare of the electric lights as disagreeable as it had seemed to Billy the Thirst.

A foolish laugh of fire was raised by the first of the men when steam was let off from the fumigating chamber, and I found that it was so plainly a scare that the man paid very little heed to it. One could hardly see the exit from the upper story would be very badly choked if a real blaze should ever break out.

THE BEDS AND THE BREAKFAST.
At 5:30 in the morning the batch of fifteen who had first gone to bed were awakened. And, if the tramps had presented a droll appearance the night before, they were a still more extraordinary collection of rattle-headed creatures when they put on their shrunken raiment. I had left, accidentally, a little leather case in the pocket of my coat, and its treatment of superheated steam had made it so thorough that it had become a sheet of wet paper.

Our breakfast consisted of coffee and bread. And the Mr. White, the superintendent, questioned us as to whether we had any reasonable ground for expecting a job if we went out to look for it. I replied that I should find work and to spare waiting for me, and I replied in the affirmative. He must have thought I looked earnest, for he let me go without asking what the work was. But if a man does not see the meaning of the superintendent's belief that he ought to be allowed to leave early, he is obliged to wait and work out his night's lodging by shovelling snow, wheeling ashes and doing various "chores" about the boat and the dock.

If it is to be supposed that one must learn something from every new experience, then I think that what I learned from this night was that the tramp is neither very picturesque nor very ridiculous, and that no repressive measures can be too stern which may reasonably be expected to free the country from these wretched, sudden, unhappy creatures who live in bondage to petty crime and great suffering. The "Tramps' Yacht" is, without a doubt, a good thing. It is a much wiser scheme than the old police station lodging houses.

ACTORS WHO ARE RICH.

Poverty Is Not Always the Thespian's Lot.

HERE ARE FACTS THAT TELL TRUTHS.

Professional People Can Accumulate Dollars as Rapidly as Any One.

The well-to-do member of the theatrical profession is no rarity. There are plenty of actors and singers with comfortable fortunes.

In no class of people is poverty as conspicuous as that of the actor or singer, simply because a certain degree of prominence cannot be avoided. So we hear a great deal of the penniless professional, and thus an idea that the Thespian is in a chronic state of financial woe has gained a firm hold on popular belief. This is, however, rank nonsense. Hundreds of theatrical people are scantily supplied with money as a rule, because they choose to live in princely fashion for a while, and play the role of the beggar the rest of the time. They take desperate chances; they invest capital and time, which often means money, in undertakings that are preposterous. The company wrecks that strew the highway of theatrical progress are so numerous as almost to obscure the signs of success that are very frequent.

Resolved into a nutshell, the fact is demonstrated that if the actor or actress of medium ability is poor, it is a matter of choice. A saving disposition would result in independence. To any one familiar with the lights of the drama and opera the foregoing statement finds strong corroboration in the following facts:

Padewald has an independent estate in Russia.
Yvette Guilbert has valuable possessions in France.
Sol Smith Russell has a fortune invested in Minnesota.

Ada Roban has acquired a snug little fortune which she has put in Harlem and Brooklyn real estate.

Rose Coghlan lives extravagantly in a handsome residence.
Della Fox owns a beautiful home in St. Louis, to say nothing of over \$100,000 in jewels.

Emma Eames owns property in Paris.
De Wolf Hopper has money in the bank.
Francis Wilson can boast of a beautiful home in New Rochelle.

Thomas G. Scarborough put his spare money in Denver real estate. It is netting him large profits.

Clara Morris owns a beautiful home up the Hudson, to say nothing of valuable property in this city.

Helene Modjeska owns valuable property in this city, Colorado, Poland, and valuable ranch lands in California.
Fanny Rice bought Boston property with her spare cash. Some of it is very valuable.

James Lewis is a property owner and there is no encouragement for the wolf to leave his door.
Frederick Ward owns valuable land in several Western States. He has a strong faith in the future growth of Montana and Washington.

Hermann the magician, owns valuable houses in this city and has signalled the intention of erecting a theatre to cost nearly half a million dollars. This, however, is only a dream, as a previous effort in the same direction was not crowned with success.

Richard Mansfield owns a magnificent theatre in this city and has a large income.
John Drew owns real estate and has a large bank account.

Robert Downing is a landholder in the District of Columbia, while his wife, Eugenia Blair, has an anchor to windward. Agnes Booth owns property around New York and has no difficulty in living within her income.

Both Milton and Dollie Nobles own Brooklyn real estate and have landed interests in the West. The honest dollar finds in both a fast friend.

William Crane is the owner of Massachusetts real estate and is on intimate terms with several banks.

Stuart Robson also owns land in the old Bay State. He is a shrewd financier, and the methods of speculation outlined by him in "The Henrietta" are far from being his own.

Mrs. Adeline Patti is the only member of the profession who lives in a castle—no stage affair, as any one knows who has seen "Crazy No. 1," one of the most charming of Walter's many delightful spots of beauty. Mrs. Patti also owns real estate in New York, France and England.

Camille d'Arville has very little to say about what she owns, but she is of a thrifty disposition, and her income is by no means small.

Sir Henry Irving is a millionaire, although his American interests are confined to hotel receipts. His interests lie principally in London, where his theatrical property proves very remunerative.

Mrs. Langtry is a true believer in Chicago and New York. She owns valuable property in both places and is easily worth \$500,000.

Lillian Russell is a devout believer in creature comforts, and has the name of spending all she earns. This idea is erroneous, however. She possesses real estate in both New York and Chicago, and also owns a collection of diamonds valued at many thousands of dollars.

Clara Louise Kellogg has a fortune. A shrewd financier, she has invested in American securities of gilt-edged variety, besides being an owner of real estate in various portions of the country.

Lotta is accredited with owning valuable real estate in every large city in the United States. She is the wealthiest woman in the profession, and although she could be as elaborately as desired with her enormous income, she lives plainly and is anything but extravagant. Her mother and herself are as shrewd a pair of financiers as any in the profession.

James O'Neill's real estate holdings are located in Connecticut. His wealth is not in real estate, but in the play which that name that has brought him fame and fortune.

Fanny Davenport has a fortune invested in real estate in New York and a valuable stock in the city.

Christine Nilsson owns property in several cities. She has a comfortable bank account, and enjoys the good things of life.

John Fuller keeps all knowledge of her financial affairs to herself, but she has a bank account of mammoth proportions, which she has gained by her own efforts.

Alexander Salvini owns property in the United States, England and Italy. His professional success, though not meteoric, has been very steady, of the sort that means wealth to a man of ability such as he.

William A. Brady has investments in theatrical enterprises that have netted him a good deal of money. At present he is more than ready to cash in.

Steve Brodie has just bought a mansion uptown. He is worth nearly a quarter of a million dollars in property and cash, and owns a valuable stock in the city.

M. B. Curtis made a fortune out of "Sam" of Posen, and a few years ago owned very valuable property in California. His troubles there cost him over \$100,000, but he is said to have a small fortune yet.

Edwin Booth left over half a million dollars that would be honored. She possesses much landed property in France, and is heavily interested in stocks and bonds.

Emma Abbott left a quarter of a million dollars when she died. She was one of the shrewdest female financiers in the profession.

Lottie Gilson and Maggie Cline each have bank accounts.

A MILLIONAIRE ON HOW YOU CAN GET RICH.

Senator Brice Gives Some Sound Advice to Young Men About Now to Make a Fortune.

Senator Calvin S. Brice, of Ohio, talked the other day to a Sunday Journal reporter about wealth and how to acquire it. Senator Brice has acquired riches and he is a self-made man. Far back in the misty days of his young manhood he drove a canal boat mule on the Erie Canal. Today he is many times a millionaire, a power in politics, prominent in New York, Newport and Washington society, and a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

The Senator talked with the reporter in a parlor car en route to Washington. "I am glad to talk about getting rich and the young man's chance of the same," said Senator Brice, laying down a book and extending a hand to the interviewer, "because it is something upon which I have strong opinions, and a thing about which I have never talked."

"It is an unusual topic for a public man to discuss—wealth. I am well aware that in public life a man seeks more often to disguise his money than to acknowledge it, and to ignore the advantages of possessing wealth. To my mind there is a virtue, as well as a value, in money."

WORK AND PRAY.
"To the young man who wants to get rich I say, 'riches will be yours.' I agree with Emerson that you can get anything you want in this world. If you work for it, hope for it, pray for it and believe you will get it, it is yours in time. Emerson says that if you want a rock in mid-ocean it will come floating to your feet. That is my motto."

"To give advice that will be good for something, I will be specific in my statements. If a young man wants to get rich let him start with a business, and work at it. This does not mean to put capital in it at the start. Let him select a business and learn all about it."

"Young men who study law or the ministry, devote four years to the study of the law or the ministry exclusively, after they have completed an ordinary education. Young men, thinking of business should study their profession just as long a time before going into it."

"Take the commission business, that highly honorable and richly repaying line of work. Let the ambitious commission merchant prepare himself beforehand for his work. Let him learn about the making of his goods, the transportation of them, the profits possible and the profits desired. Let him learn how low he can sell, as well as how high. Let him learn to distinguish the ups and downs of carrier life. This will take time. When he knows it, let him handle goods on an ordinary commission."

"My first remark about getting an interest in a business comes in play here. That young commission merchant, now owns part of that business. He may be working to sell a capitalist's goods. But for every dollar he takes in, he makes one for himself. The capitalist's business is his business."

"Long chances are bad things for young men. You can't afford to take them. Good, steady work, economy, a little money in the bank, a reinvestment and an honest, steady purpose will land you where you want to be, before long. There is no other plan or policy worth considering. Leave an honest, friendly road behind you, and you will find its clear reflection cast upon the path ahead."

"Let well enough alone. You are doing well. Save your money and keep on. For employer isn't as well off as you are. Make yourself his honest friend and helper. If you are in a little business of your own, enlarge your stock slowly, pay as you go—and watch your bank account roll up."

"Young men, if they have a fault in seeking riches are not apt to want to work. A job, a helper, some one else interested in the business is trusted with important details, to the loss of the man who should have guided the difficult helm himself."

"This great country is rich enough to allow every man to be a millionaire. You can be one. And even should you not have the good health or the firmness and self-denial to aspire to riches, this advice, if followed, will place you in front of the most comfortable of King Solomon's states of mind—'nor too much nor too little.'"

inuously at a thing. They get tired. They must have recreation. The physical health will not permit continued application ten and, yes, fourteen hours a day, until well started. It is more difficult for such men to get rich, because they cannot give the business as much of their attention as it ought to have at first, in order to build up their fortune. They are taking about."

"And then there are people who do not have ambitions for wealth. They can't appreciate the feeling of having money and, at any of the other undercurrent interests, real estate and projectors' interests. There are always enough of these contented spirits to leave the field clear and open for the strong, ambitious ones, who want to be directors of capital."

"If I were asked to name the businesses at which a man can get rich I would say at railroading, mining, forwarding agents, commission, importing, and manufacturing, and at any of the other undercurrent industries that are the bone, sinew and vitals of a great country's industry. Being hidden, they do not tempt other fields, and there is an immense resource of wealth here. The professions are all mines of wealth."

"The rules I would lay down are to know all about it beforehand. Second, never speculate. Or speculate only with your time. If you see a good thing neglected, offer the capitalist who owns it five-tenths of it, if he will let you keep the other tenth for developing it. Take his railroads through impossible parts of the country. Find flaws in his present way of doing things. Offer him a better plan for him, and, finally, work all the time, taking little rest, and pausing only for health's sake. Eat and sleep, but never take time to idle. It is your time that counts in a young business."

RICH MEN'S SONS.
"The claim is made that the sons of rich men have all the chances and the sons of poor men none at all. This is a mistake that, to the rich man, is ludicrous. Rich men's sons are born in luxury. They have luxury enough, money enough. They want some one to take the cares of their superfluous money off their hands. Here is the chance of the ambitious young man. With the wealthy fellow as a backer, he can make a fortune for both."

"The cobbler's son is not handicapped in life, unless handicapped by lack of intellect. Here and there alone birth tells. The son of a country doctor, the son of a country lawyer, the son of a country merchant, the son of a man who reads literature while he cobbles shoes, has the same chance of ultimate success as the capitalist's son. The latter, if he has no brains, will spend his money, but the former, having brains, will accumulate it. As one loses the other gains. Brains and money go hand in hand."

THERE IS NO LUCK.
"Luck? Do I believe in luck? No. There is no luck, except that brought by cleverness and work and making friends. Other 'luck' is so fleeting that it is not luck, merely a chance—thrown away."

"Long chances are bad things for young men. You can't afford to take them. Good, steady work, economy, a little money in the bank, a reinvestment and an honest, steady purpose will land you where you want to be, before long. There is no other plan or policy worth considering. Leave an honest, friendly road behind you, and you will find its clear reflection cast upon the path ahead."

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